

CHAPTERS
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AROUND THE GLOBE

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JUBILEE

of

MARY

There is nothing so unlike an A-bomb as a Brown Scapular. One deals death and destruction; the other promises life eternal beyond the grave. In this our atomic age, no one in his right senses can afford to tuck his little Scapular away in a drawer.

Scapulars must come out of dressers this year, for this year is Mary's, bringing as it does the seventh centenary of the institution of the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. If we have treated the Scapular as a very remote stranger of no relation to us, now is the time to begin a bosom friendship to last until death does us unite with the glorious Mother of our God.

For such is the staggering Marian promise. Every man is a liar, saith the Holy Book; but this Woman speaks the truth. The words she addressed to St. Simon Stock on historic July 16, 1251, shall never pass away: "Receive, my beloved son, this Scapular of thy Order. It is a special sign of my confraternity. He who dies (piously) clothed in this habit shall be preserved from eternal fire. It is the badge of salvation, a safeguard in perils, a pledge of peace, and of my special protection to the end of time."

But Mary was too good to stop there. There would be no rationing of blessings. Not only would she preserve the wearers of her livery from the fire of hell; she would also deliver them from the flames of purgatory. In a vision vouchsafed to Pope John XXII, Our Blessed Mother granted what is known as the Sabbatine Privilege. "I, the Mother of Grace," she said to the Pope, "shall descend on the Saturday after their death and whomsoever I shall find in purgatory I shall free so that I may lead them unto the holy mountain of life everlasting." The only conditions are to wear the Scapular piously, to observe chastity according to one's state in life, and to recite daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. This stupendous promise has been ratified by many Popes of modern times, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI, and Pius XII.

The Brown Scapular is a tiny thing. It looks like two oversized postage stamps of brown cloth held together by two strings. But its history is a history of miracles. Countless miracles of grace and countless miracles in the temporal and physical order have, all these seven hundred years, attested the efficacy of Mary's tiny mantle. Scapular wearers, besides sharing in the spiritual bank account of the Carmelite Order, may gain a plenary indulgence on July 16, Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel (under the usual conditions of confession and communion) by visiting a church and reciting six Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glorys. Pope Benedict XV has granted five hundred days indulgence each time one kisses the Scapular. Five hundred days for a kiss seems a worthwhile investment!

Though seven centuries old, the Scapular is never outmoded. It is, to quote the Queen of Heaven herself, "a pledge of peace, and of my special protection *to the end of time*." Not so many years ago, in her last apparition to the three shepherd children of Fatima, Mary showed herself garbed in the livery of Mount Carmel. In her blessed hands lay the Brown Scapular.

Mary wants at any cost to save us, and the Scapular is one of her inventions. She who willingly sacrificed her Son cannot bear to see souls eternally damned. She who reigns in Heaven as glorious Queen of the Assumption cannot rest until the last one of her children closes the Golden Gate behind him. Ever since the hour of three on Calvary, it is the hour of grace from God through Mary, and even to those who slay her Son with the sword of mortal sin she offers protection beneath her mantle and all the love of her Immaculate Heart.

From the very depths of that Immaculate Heart have come to us the offensive weapon of the Rosary and the defensive weapon of the Scapular. Now that the Rosary Crusade has securely put Mary's beads into our hands, the Scapular Jubilee Year comes to beseech us to don Mary's armor. If we are loyal children, we must be proud of our Scapular. It is the garment our Mother has woven for us. Let us take time in this Jubilee Year to examine our conscience to find out how much or how little emphasis we have laid so far on that tiny bit of cloth to which Mary has given the power of a Sacramental. With resolute heart let us obey Our Lady's bidding and clothe ourselves in Our Lady's protective livery.

Our Lady of Carmel

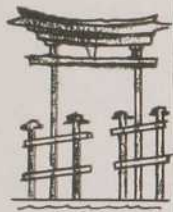
Remember, Lady
Of Carmel fair,
The night the Prior prayed
His burning prayer
From you, benign,
Imploring aid,
From Heaven's happy halls
You loving strayed.

O Queen of Carmel,
From you we hold
Celestial livery
Of worth untold.
The Scapular
We don, that we
May face the foe and fight
Unflinchingly.



Your mother fingers
Wove garment brown —
A gift to Carmelites
And handed down
To length of days
Forevermore,
To souls that love His Name
And Christ adore.

Remember, Mother
Of Christ, that we
Have need of tender care
And clemency.
Preserve our souls
From every stain
Of sin and with your Son
Upon us reign.



The following is an excerpt from a report presented by Msgr. A. Bressolles, Director General of the Association, at the Third International Congress of the Missionary Union of the Clergy.

GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE ASSOCIATION

The Association is placed under the high patronage of a Cardinal Protector named by the Holy Father, unless the latter — as is the case for our present Pontiff — chooses to retain the office for himself. I need not say how grateful we feel for this special papal favor, nor how happy we are in the knowledge that he who represents Christ on earth today loves little children with that love which was so beautifully characteristic of the sacred humanity of Our Lord.

Consequently, the Association is not administered by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, though it considers it an essential duty to maintain close relations with the said Congregation in order to learn and carry out its apostolic directives. The Holy Childhood has no policy of its own. In all things it strives to adopt the policy defined by the high societies to which the Church has entrusted the direction of her missionary endeavors.

Prestiged with papal sanction, the Association is headed by a Supreme Council, upon which devolves the duty of managing the general affairs of the Association and distributing funds to the various mission centres. The Supreme Council appoints



its own president, with the approbation of the Cardinal Protector. It also appoints its vice presidents, treasurer, secretaries, and other officers, as well as its members upon their presentation by the president.

Members fall into three classes. The first class comprises a distinguished group of the laity. Allow me to mention two former ambassadors well known in Roman circles, namely, Mr. Charles Roux, France's representative to the Vatican for many years, and Mr. Paul Claudel, still more famous as a poet than as an ambassador. Also ranking among the lay members are admirals, generals, lawyers, and a representative of the high German aristocracy, Prince Waldburg-Zeil, successor to Prince Zu Lowenstein, who was a member of our Council for close to thirty years. May I mention also our highest dignitary, a former national leader, His Excellency Manuel Prado, president of the Republic of Peru. The competence and impartiality of such eminent personages ensure in great measure the wisdom and moral authority required in the Council.

To the second class of members belong a number of National Directors of the Association, generally those from countries where the Association is most firmly established. At the present time the Council comprises National Directors from Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, England, Spain, the United States of America, Canada, Australia, and France.

In the third class are included elected representatives of various religious missionary orders and congregations, as, the Jesuits, Franciscans, Priests of the Foreign Mission Society, Lazarists, White Fathers, Sacred Heart Fathers, Holy Ghost Fathers, to name only a few.

An assembly thus constituted evidently presents exceptional guarantees of competence and, through the enunciation of varying points of view, objectivity and justice in the distribution of funds. The Council considers the requests of the Ordinaries solely from the Catholic and missionary point of view, without favoritism to any specific mission or congregation. This principle in perfect harmony with the unity and fraternity of the Church is so deeply anchored in the mentality of the Council that the president in office today remembers having had to recall it only once.

NATIONAL DIRECTIONS

The Supreme Council has the faculty of erecting, or, in cases of necessity, suppressing national directions of the Association. The national branches are headed by the National Director, who is appointed by the president of the Supreme Council following the advice of the committee and in accordance with the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the nation and the Ordinary of the candidate.

The National Director is charged with all the interests of the Association in the field assigned to him. He must ensure its furtherance on a diocesan, parochial, and school scale and promote methods of propaganda. Once a year he gives an account of his stewardship to the president of the Supreme Council. Distribution of the remittance made by the National Director belongs to the Supreme Council, whose decisions are motivated by the president.

The National Director enjoys considerable autonomy. With the assistance of his Council he organizes the Association according to general regulations while taking into account the particular exigencies of his own country. This autonomy of direction called for by the great and entirely legitimate diversity among nations is a point we deem of prime importance. While functioning in perfect harmony with the General Council, it enables a nation to adapt its action to its particular needs or problems.

Considerable initiative and responsibility rest with the National Directors, so much so that the development of the Association may be said to depend largely on their personal value. To their ceaseless efforts is chiefly due, under God, the progress made by the Association.

Among the national directions may I call to your attention those that have been established in various mission lands where the Christian Faith has already taken root deeply enough to enable them to make their own apostolic contribution. Thus, the Holy Childhood has national directions in India, Ceylon, Australia, South Africa, and in various States of North and South America, where some regions have yet to be evangelized. In so doing we follow the general directives of the Church, that aim at developing a native priesthood and hierarchy as soon as possible. Our task is the introduction of an indigenous Holy Childhood.

We do not want the Holy Childhood to be a European firm establishing branches in the colonies. As soon as the latter have received the light of the Gospel, they are called in their turn to pass it on to others, for such is the common vocation of Christians. We know how well they understand it and how enthusiastically they answer the call. It thrills one to hear little black boys and little Indian children praying "for the poor pagan children" with conviction such as no European child can equal. They know so well what it means to be brought up in the pagan way!

More details do not seem necessary at this point. Let us confine ourselves to mentioning that the Most Reverend Ordinary appoints a Diocesan Director in each diocese, who in turn names Principal Promoters in parishes and schools to work for the growth and stability of the Association. In the last analysis, the parish and the school constitute our field of action. Unless we are generously seconded by parish priests and schoolteachers, we can achieve no tangible results.

Thus efficiently organized, the Association has in the past year collected funds amounting to 608 million 400.765 francs. This is indeed an outstanding accomplishment, if we bear in mind that it is made up of pennies dropping from little hands. Still, assistance is not forthcoming in sufficient amounts to answer all the needs being felt in mission territories. Msgr. Nigris voiced yesterday the sorrow of the directors of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, who cannot answer all the distressed appeals made to them. Theirs is a sorrow not unknown at Holy Childhood headquarters. But it is our hope, as it was St. Vincent de Paul's, to be able to do always better and more. Returns for 1949 exceeded by fifty million francs those for 1948. It is our ambition to do still better this year.

BENEFITS OF THE ASSOCIATION IN CHRISTIAN LANDS

Let us give a thought to the innumerable acts of generosity of which these figures are the mathematical expression. What precious spiritual wealth they represent!

The Holy Childhood is neither "an agency for the transmission of funds" nor a religious organization for the collecting of taxes. Its aim is to vivify our Christian living. I believe it does succeed in that. I shall now demonstrate the benefits of the Holy Childhood both in Christian and in pagan lands.

Beatus est dare quam accipere. This saying attributed to Our Lord explains what I am about to say. In the light of this truth, which is one of the great laws of the spiritual life, let us consider the educational value of our Association. Through it our little Christian children are early in life molded into militant apostles. One hundred years ahead of us, Bishop de Forbin-Janson seems to have understood the superiority of an active method over mere indoctrination as a formative medium. If we could only gauge the importance of our actions. Our actions follow us in this sense that they are written in our book of life. Again, they accompany us like a shadow and as certainly weigh upon us. But over and above all we have said, it is still truer that our actions are within us; they are incorporated into us; they make us what we are.

Let us think for a moment of our own Christian children. Through membership in the Holy Childhood they are very early invited to develop their character in the best and noblest way. Just what do we require from them? First of all prayer, that thereby they may lift their minds to God and solicit His help, without

which all our efforts are vain. After prayer come acts, propaganda activities, and offerings taken from their own small means. Some of the sacrifices offered by the children are not only touching, but heroic.

While in Vienna a few weeks ago, I was invited to a Holy Childhood celebration over which Cardinal Innitzer was to preside. The little Viennese children would be bringing their playthings for their poor pagan brothers. What courage it took to part with a cherished toy! I can still see a rosy-cheeked little girl hugging close against her heart, before giving it away, a big plush rabbit whose ears held erect seemed to indicate uncertainty as to the future. Another little girl came forward pushing a doll carriage with rubber wheels and nickel-plated handles. Her heart must have been thumping wildly, for when the bishop said, "Oh, what a beautiful carriage!" she burst into tears and ran away to hide her sorrow. Whoever has sounded the depths of a child's heart will not be inclined to call that ridiculous. It is, I repeat, simply heroic.

Lastly, we appeal to the child mind for acts of purely spiritual value, such as, sacrifices and acts of penance. Here again the response is admirable. The National Director of Argentina, whose reports are always most exact, wrote that "the Holy Childhood feast was celebrated 945 times this year either in parishes or in schools, after a careful preparation consisting of novenas, holy hours, and good works. We have collected as many as 200,000,000 good actions offered by the children for the intentions of the Association." I know well that the value of good deeds cannot be reckoned in numerical quantity; still, those 200,000,000 good actions deserve a moment of consideration. They show how beneficent can be on the children of Christian countries the spiritual action of the Work and how its educational value develops parallel to its missionary efficacy. It is by helping the missions that the children will become ardent and zealous members of the Church.

* * *

Bishop de Forbin-Janson, one century ahead of our modern pedagogy, created a centre of interest — missionary conquest — tremendously powerful upon the souls of children in that it appealed both to their imagination and to their heart. Always he stressed that the Gospel was to be preached to every creature, that the whole world must be won to Christ, that all the sheep were to be led to the one fold of the One Shepherd, that the great work of the redemption must be accomplished and humanity guided to its divine destiny. This is what gives purpose to life and time. This Christian concept of life, so obscure and distorted in many minds, is understood remarkably well by our children. The reason is undoubtedly that the grace of baptism is still fresh in their souls. Little children have not been stained by sin; they are still, to quote the inspiring words of Claudel, "the reflection of the innocence of God." At any rate, we have to admit that they understand those perplexing points and react both spontaneously and generously. In the mission atmosphere that surrounds him, the child quickly becomes zealous and apostolic. I believe there can be no better preparation to Catholic Action. For the Holy Childhood member to manhood grown, Catholic Action will become the normal form of Christian life. It will never occur to him to save himself only; he will be deeply concerned for others, will favor organized activity and spiritual expansion. His will be an unshakable faith in the destiny of the Church.

But the Holy Childhood is, over and above all that, the inspiration of many priestly and religious vocations. How frequently this truth is recalled to us by missionary priests and Sisters. Through the Holy Childhood they from their earliest years had been trained to turn their minds in the direction of the countries where God was neither known nor loved. Through the Association, again, they had felt the inspiration to relieve the unnamable distress of the heathen multitudes. Besides a great number of missionary careers, the Holy Childhood has also awakened in many hearts the first longings for the priestly apostolate. Three years ago, at

the Centenary celebrations of the Association, Cardinal Suhard told me that the Holy Childhood was very dear to him because it had had the first fruits of his priesthood. It was while collecting from door to door as a little peasant boy that he had begun to preach the Gospel. The Superior of the Paris Mission recently wrote a similar declaration.

Such is, according to the best testimonies, the beneficence of the Association in Christian lands. It prepares generations of Christians with open, generous, apostolic souls. It is a nursery of vocations.

BENEFITS OF THE ASSOCIATION IN MISSION LANDS

Much more evident are the benefits of the Association in mission lands. I need only quote two letters from Vicars Apostolic who have very capably summarized their situation. The first was written by Msgr. Gianora, Prefect Apostolic of Sikkim (India), on June 23, 1950:

"Our orphanages and schools, the most essential institutions in our Mission, depend largely upon Holy Childhood subsidies. Through the worthwhile sums received we have been able to open our institutions and only through these sums are we able to keep going. The schools win for us the gratitude of an entire population athirst for knowledge, while also contributing efficaciously in breaking down caste prejudices, spreading Christian thinking and living, making Christ, His Vicar, and His Church known and loved. Several young people yearning for a deeply interior life have asked for baptism after having perfected their instruction in our schools."

To this eloquent testimony I shall add that of a Vicar General from Hanoi, Rev. Father Caillon. While visiting with him the Christian schools of the city and addressing a few words to the teachers, I insisted upon the importance of the teaching profession from the point of view of future Christianity. Said the Vicar General: "Listening to you, I thought of the adult conversions that have come to my knowledge during my sojourn in Tongking. Would you believe it, the great majority of those conversions, rather, all of them were of men and women who had attended Catholic schools in childhood." Such testimonies aptly illustrate the importance of schools and of the Association through which they are conducted.

But let us return to Msgr. Gianora's letter:

"The main benefit of the Holy Childhood here is to provide us with the money needed to shelter, feed, and teach hundreds of orphan boys and girls. Upon these Holy Childhood proteges rescued from misery and premature death we are building our fondest hopes. Hopes for numerous native vocations to the priesthood, the sisterhood, and solid Christian men and women whose sterling family life will, through the grace of God, wield the most beneficent influence upon the masses. If we did not have the Holy Childhood subsidies, the only thing to do would be to close our schools and orphanages."

My correspondence with all the missions of the world authorizes me to say that missionary bishops are unanimous in holding that new Christian communities, if they are to last, must be built on generations Christian from the cradle.

Such are, in brief, the benefits of the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood in mission lands. The figures I quoted at the outset show how far-reaching may be, in both a spiritual and a material sense, the power of childhood.

Here we are in the depths of Christian mystery. God has chosen what is weak according to the world to confound the strong. It has pleased Him to enlist, in the extension of His Kingdom, the least powerful of His creatures. It has pleased Him to place, in a very large measure, the future of the world in their frail little hands.

Let us now draw a conclusion. The Holy Childhood is not an end in itself. It is completely dedicated to the attainment of other ends, outside of itself, one of which you are also striving for, devoted members of the *Unio Cleri*, namely, the preaching of the Gospel to every creature, the extending of the boundaries of the Kingdom of God. If I have spoken to you about the Holy Childhood, it was not to ask you to make an effort in its behalf, nor to serve it. Rather was it to invite you to make use of it. It was founded precisely for that purpose.

Translated from the French Bulletin of the Missionary Union of the Clergy

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

JULY 1951

THE CHRISTIANS OF INDIA

Less than one and one-half percent of the total population of the dominion of India is Catholic. It is evident that there is much to be done in India in view of the fact that approximately 4,500,000 Indians out of a total population of 342,000,000 are Catholic. Upon the shoulders of these few Catholics rests a two-fold duty at the present moment. One is a negative obligation now to use every means to defend their rights against the encroachments of individual officials of the government throughout India. The government indeed has expressed its willingness to give the Church a place in India but the execution of this wish is not often fully accomplished by individual officials who are over-zealous Hindus. The second duty of the Indian Christians is to use every means to spread the leaven of their faith and good works among their own people. A well-grounded Christian formation not only in the catechism but in the Christian virtues is the prime need therefore of our Catholic Indians.

The difficulties are not small. Less than one-sixth of the Catholic population, 700,000 Catholics, are found in the north, whereas the remainder live for the most part in the southernmost sections of India. The center of the government is in the north where there are comparatively few Catholics and these are for the most part not influential in their civil communities.

In the south, it is also true that the majority of the Catholics belong to the lower castes, which fact hinders their ability to make their presence noticed and felt. At the same time, the government favors the Hindus and aids the poorer among them with gifts of money. Unless our own Catholics are solidly grounded in the faith, they are consequently open to the temptation of defection.

This much needed training of Catholics requires the prayers of the whole mystical body of Christ because there are less than 6,000 priests to care for the Catholics spread over an area one-third of that of the United States. There is only one priest for 856 Catholics while the number increases for the total inhabitants. There is only one priest for every 65,000 Indians. A great many priests are almost exclusively engaged in teaching which prevents their engaging in parish work. It is not to be denied that the teaching apostolate has accomplished wonderful results in India, but at the same time it must be admitted with sorrow that the mass of the Catholic population cannot receive the full training which their circumstances demand. For that reason, the need of our prayers for the well-grounded Christian formation of Indian Catholics both in Christian truths and virtues is an obligation we cannot take lightly. — S.P.F. Release

When the Ship Comes Home

We all dream of the day when a mysterious ship now sailing the high seas will come into the harbour of our life, bringing peace, comfort, and happiness. Is not this the romantic picture of the eternal quest of happiness that lies deep in the human heart? We see it as a ship riding the troubled waters of life and at last weighing anchor in our port. But experience tells us that the mysterious ship only comes in when we land on the shores of eternity.

We are the makers of our own eternal happiness. But we cannot expect our ship to "come in" unless we have "sent out" one. The ship we send out during life is loaded with our prayers and sacrifices. They are the ballast that steadies the ship in rough weather and keeps her on an even keel. How many lives are wrecked just because these are missing to them. For those poor unfortunates "the ship never comes home." — *The Field at Home*



Let Me

Explain

"Would my gracious Sis care to go for a walk?" Seminarian Frank Dooley, home on his holidays, made the suggestion one August evening. As Joan, the Sis referred to, had nothing special planned till lights out, she greeted the cassocked one's proposal with a hearty "Let's!"

It was a bewitchingly beautiful evening, one on which the littlest stars would be allowed out. High in the cloudless sky, like a gold shaving tossed by angels in a playful mood, the new moon presided over the destinies of the night hours. As usual, Frank began a long-winded account of his latest fishing trip, purposely magnifying the size of the finny glories he had "just barely missed." Suddenly, he shifted the conversation in such a way that his sister felt he'd cared not a fig for the fish stories that had served as entree. "Sis," he confided, his voice lowered to a whisper, "I have decided to go all-out for Christ."

A quizzical glance at her enigmatic brother was Joan's first reaction. Not that Frank hadn't shared with her the priestly ambitions that kept pushing farther and farther into his heart; but this unexpected declaration seemed to have something very particular about it.

"Mystified, eh?" asked the seminarian with somewhat of a twinkle in his eye. "Joan, I want to be a missionary priest. That is, Madam, if you produce no objections."

His humorous conditional clause amused Joan so much that she made up her mind there and then to play the devil's advocate for a little while. After all, it would be interesting to find out whether that boy's resolutions were as solid as the Rockies or as resistless as quicksand. "I don't quite relish the idea of your getting chopped up into a hundred pieces and fried for some cannibal's breakfast. What's come into you, Frank?"

Frank didn't see into his sister's manoeuvres. Breaking the news was too exciting and took all his attention. "Oh, just a burning wish to do something for the salvation of the so-called heathen world."

"Heathen world?" Joan feigned the height of incredulity. "Will you kindly tell me what's blinding you to the heathen world all around

you? Don't you see how badly priests are needed in our own home province? God knows we have enough convert-making opportunities on our hands without cruising off to — wherever you want to go."

Frank carefully scrutinized his toecaps for one full minute. Then, in a calm but determined voice he made known his arguments. "Let me explain, Joan. It's the express command of Our Lord that His Apostles and their successors should preach the Gospel to all nations. I'm not one to say that our work at home may be neglected. But you cannot deny that ours is a Christian country. The visible Church does exist and flourish here. In the heathen world, Joan Dooley, Mother Church with her wealth of redeeming graces is not yet established. Someone must tackle the problem. Someone must carry the torch of Faith into the pagan darkness."

"But that someone does not necessarily mean Frank Dooley. Aren't you needed at home? Why this sudden silly notion to cross an ocean?"

"Sister Poetess," teased Joan's brother, "will you admit that I am a member of the human race?"

"Whereas I have proof positive and unmistakable, I do admit."

"Being of the human race," Frank went on impulsively, "I cannot isolate myself from the rest of my fellowmen. But I am more. I am a member, however unworthy, of the Mystical Body of Christ. Our Head wills that the whole human race, every man, woman, and child, become one in His Mystical Body. Christ is counting on me to help. Can I let Him down? I have no copyright on Faith. What I have, by God's dear grace, belongs to all men of all nations. As a Bishop said, 'It is true we must labor to keep the Faith pure and intact at home. But we must nonetheless extend the benefits of Redemption to the whole world. Only when we do this are we Catholics in name and deed.'"

"Congrats, brother. But I still think we owe ourselves to our own first."

"Understand my point, Joan. If we in our Catholic homeland have pagans on our doorstep, as you might say, it is equally true that we have God on our doorstep. If a man tears himself away from the Mystical Body by mortal sin, he has every facility to find a priest and be reconciled with the forgiving Christ. But in mission countries, the scene changes and the facilities vanish into thin air. No priests. No Sacraments. No spiritual uplifts. Like the paralytic of Bethsaida, the poor heathens have no man to help them at the moving of the waters. I want to be their man."

No hair-brained, head-in-the-clouds visionary was clarifying his position. Only a young man with the love of God in his heart urging him, as once it did the Apostle of the Gentiles. A boy who faced the startling truth that the pagans are the destitute brothers of the spiritual Rockefellers all Catholics should be. A boy who realized it was his duty to share the riches of divinity with the paupers of paganism.

"A hard job you are picking out," commented Joan.

Frank whistled nonchalantly. "Oh, I know. Loneliness, discouragement, language intricacies, heathen aloofness, and maybe hostility. But I won't be alone to face that. I will have the grace of God to pull me through and the smile of the Son of God to help Mom's boy keep smiling. Say, Joan, you're the lady who should turn green with that thing called envy."

"Envy you!" Joan could not keep the bliss from her voice. "That's where my brother is wrong. You're not the only kid that's going all-out for Christ."

"Meaning?" Frank groped through his thoughts. "I guess girls have no idea how much good they could do on the missions. Girls of courage and cheerfulness. Girls not afraid to dirty their princess-royal hands. Girls willing to go native with the natives to save the natives. Girls who are convinced that if charity begins at home, it should never end there between four walls. Girls—"

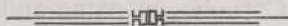
"Say, brilliant orator, you do speak beautifully. But if you'd let me put a word in edgewise—"

"Speak, Madam, for thy servant heareth."

"Last night Dad and Mom gave me all the permissions I need. I'm too late for the August entrance date, but next February I'm entering a missionary novitiate."

Seminarian Frank Dooley gave his sister a doubting-Thomas look. "Why in the world didn't I know about this before?"

"I was afraid you'd poke in and say it was only a man-sized job."



Are We Catholic Catholics?

Some Catholics are not catholic! True, they belong to the Church founded by the Wonder-Worker of Galilee; they give allegiance to the white-robed Vicar of Christ; they look to the City on the seven hills for light and guidance — and yet they are not catholic, not universal, not world-minded. They are followers of Christ who forget that their neighbor is every man who lives and breathes; they narrow their horizons; they restrict their range of vision. Catholics, they are decidedly uncatholic.

For the Church, Holy, Roman, Catholic, Apostolic, as founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ is fundamentally catholic, or universal. Christ never narrowed His scope of vision. When He sent forth His chosen Twelve, it was to the world civilized and barbarian; to the land of liberty and the land of bondage; to the Dark Continent and the White Man's Grave; to the Great Slums of paganism and to the children of Israel. In the words of

St. Frances Cabrini, "The kingdom of God has no limits; its limits are those of the globe itself." There are no international boundaries in the family of the Most High. It is of the very bone and marrow of Christianity to be for all men of all nations.

Such was the concept of His religion in the mind of the Savior as He went down to Nazareth and as He went up to Calvary. From the stable to the Cross He lived and suffered for all men, and on the first Good Friday He delivered Himself up for the redemption of all. We who love Him must learn to labor and suffer and die for all the immensity of His Mystical Body; realizing that Calvary was for everybody, we must try to bring to every creature the benefit of our justification by Christ Our Lord. Like the Redeemer of mankind, we must become mercifully color-blind; for all men on the planet we must be concerned, since it is for all souls that the Red Tide of Calvary was poured forth, and all souls bear that Crimson Beauty beside which all else is paltry and colorless.

Now Christ would have us share in His world-vision, be on the alert and world-minded. "Preach the Gospel to every creature," He commanded His Apostles. Our present gloriously reigning Pontiff clothes the age-old injunction in other words: "Cooperation in the spread of the kingdom of God is a command incumbent on everyone who has been called in Baptism to citizenship in the kingdom of God." If we are genuinely wise in the things of the spirit, we will never allow ourselves any "magnificent disinterestedness" in World Christianity; we will remember that the best way to keep the Faith is to give it to others as freely as we have received it.

Not more than their Master were the Disciples local-minded. They had a million Jews to convert right in Jerusalem; and yet, what did they do after the Pentecostal whirlwind? Most of them went on missions to other places. They became witnesses of their Lord "in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." What would they say today if they knew — alas, they know too well! — that some Catholics remain unmoved at the thought that half the world has no Faith, no Church, no Light, no Christ; that thirty million heathen die every year knowing not whither they are going; that the fields are white unto harvesting, and the laborers pitifully few, only a handful! What anguish of soul grips the apostle who sees that men have forgotten the concept of brotherly love and fraternal assistance; that they have so far forgotten it that the Jesuit Father Lombardi implores them "to help one another on earth *as never before*, for," adds he, "God is the Father of all men; all men are children of God."

It would almost seem as if the command to teach all nations had been given to our subversive brethren. "What we give you doesn't belong to you! It belongs to the world! You must reach the masses!" they keep hammering into the heads of their victims. As a case in point, we might cite the example of the avowed Communist schoolteacher who boasted that for forty years she had grasped every opportunity to teach Com-

munism in public schools. "*My only regret,*" she is reported to have said, "*is that I haven't another forty years to continue teaching it.*" A handful of evil-minded men are taking over this planet of ours; they already have half of it and are meeting everywhere with amazing results. Unless we copy their spirit of daring enterprise, unless we disregard geographical limits and the color of a man's skin, unless we imitate their wholesale dedication to a cause, we are fated to drag our hapless existence in a world run by the enemies of the Christian name. We Christians know the Way, the Truth, and the Life. "But even if you are on the right track," writes Father Lahey, C.S.C., "you'll get run over if you just sit there."

Not only the Communists, but the benighted heathen as well are giving us matter for deep consideration. Take the case of the old Chinese woman found on the roadside by a missionary. He spoke to her about God having come for all men and for her too; of Christ having died for all and having commissioned His Disciples to carry His message to all men of all nations. The old lady inquired when Christ had thus spoken. In her heart of hearts she was thinking it might have been thirty or forty years previously, so they hadn't had time to reach her out-of-the-way village.

But the missionary had to tell the shameful truth — "Two thousand years ago!"

The old lady at death's door turned incredulous, pain-filled eyes towards him. Bluntly she asked: "Where have you Christians been?" Poor old Chinese grannie, pray for us in Heaven that our religion may become something more vital and dynamic in our lives.

There is no escape; if we want to be Catholics and catholic, we must heed the accusing query. We must change our listless attitude towards our Faith; we must substitute for Christ in winning the world; we must take an active, effective part in the rehabilitation of our mad, modern, materialistic planet. The great work of the redeeming must go on, and by the activity of every member of the Mystical Body that Body must grow. This cynical, God-denying world of ours is ours to make or to mar.

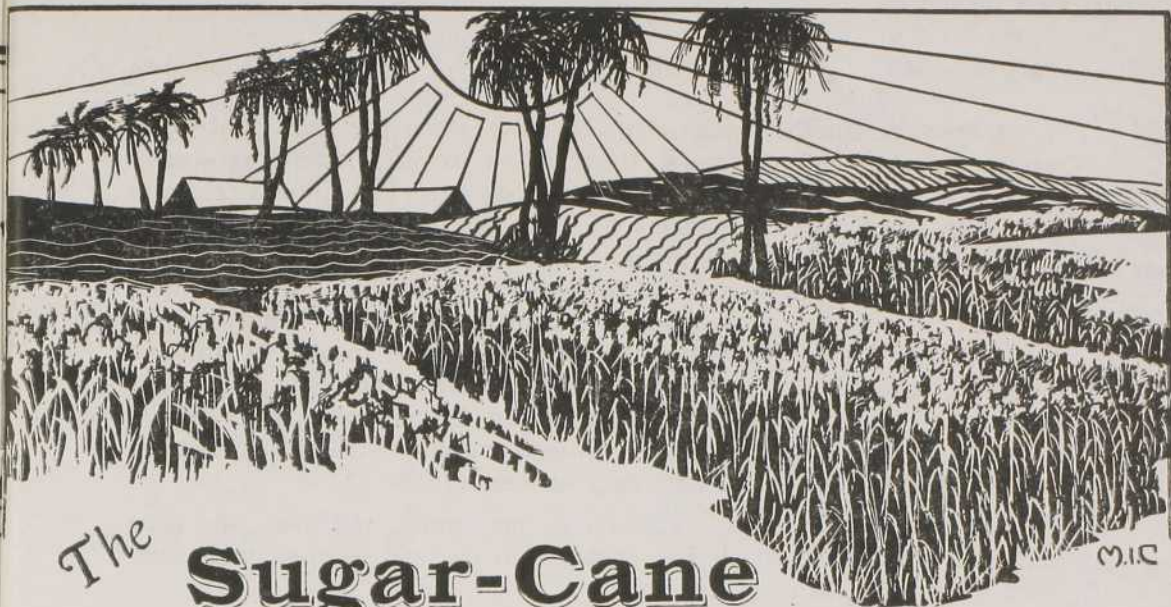
It is imperative, therefore, that we be world-minded in prayer, in action, in suffering, and never restrained by any narrow parochialism or provincialism. All that we do — however trifling — can matter tremendously in the development of the Mystical Body.

The more catholic we are, the more Catholics will there be. The closer we copy the all-embracing charity of the God-Man, the nearer to Him shall we draw His creatures. Granted that we are all Catholics with a capital C, we are not complete, integral Catholics unless we are also with the small c.



The harvest indeed is ripe everywhere — ripe for Christ or Anti-Christ. Whoever supplies strong laborers, with vision, will reap it.

Rev. Donald Hessler



The Sugar-Cane Season

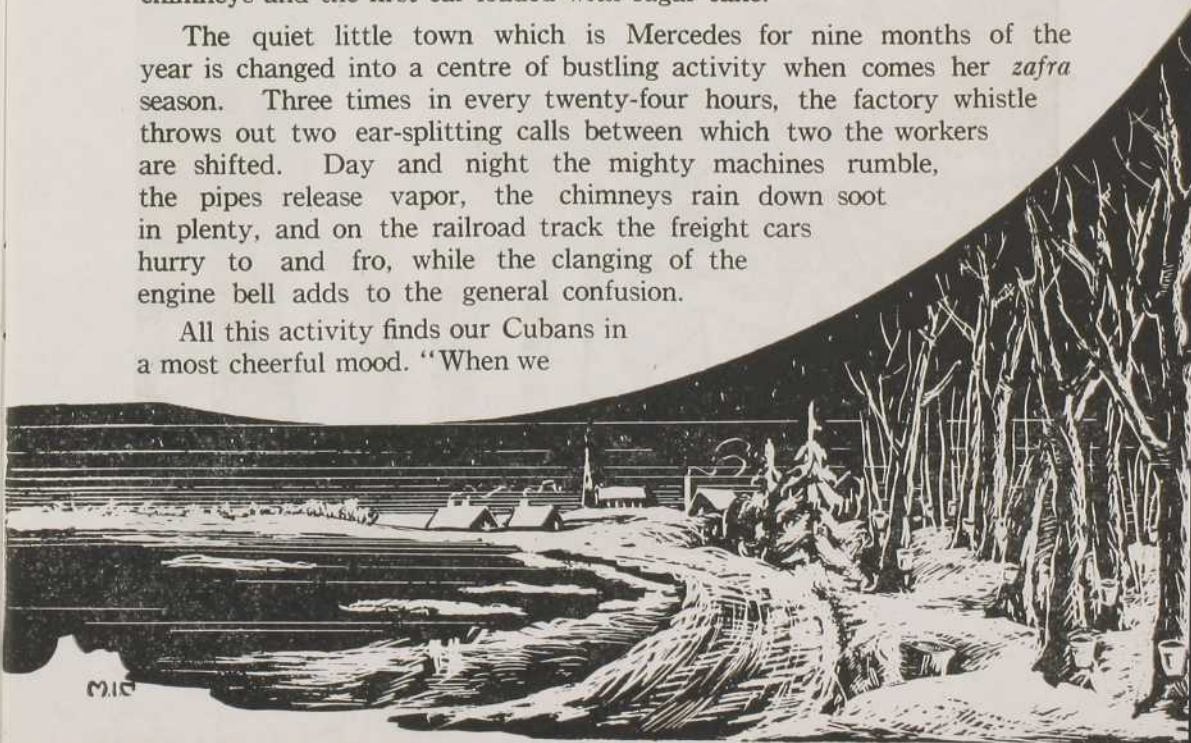
MERCEDES, CUBA

In our section of Cuba people speak of two seasons, not four. The first and the longer one stretches from May to February, and is the time when most of the population is out of work. Then comes the *zafra*, or sugar-cane season, a very busy period of three months' duration.

Mercedes is then literally invaded by sugar-cane harvesters coming from here, there, and everywhere. The fortune hunters are either harbored by the townsfolk or allowed to occupy vacant houses. Everyone from six to sixty is alert to the last preparations at the factory. Shouts and yells of delight greet the first spurt of smoke that escapes from the tall chimneys and the first car loaded with sugar cane.

The quiet little town which is Mercedes for nine months of the year is changed into a centre of bustling activity when comes her *zafra* season. Three times in every twenty-four hours, the factory whistle throws out two ear-splitting calls between which two the workers are shifted. Day and night the mighty machines rumble, the pipes release vapor, the chimneys rain down soot in plenty, and on the railroad track the freight cars hurry to and fro, while the clanging of the engine bell adds to the general confusion.

All this activity finds our Cubans in a most cheerful mood. "When we



can't hear one another because of the noise, when the soot rains down on us from the tall chimneys, then do we rejoice because prosperity knocks at our doors," they are fond of saying. The Cubans celebrate the *zafra* much as we Canadians celebrate the maple-sugar season. We are proud of our beautiful maple groves; they grow lyric over the lush green ocean of their sugar-cane plantations. Something they do miss, however, to our way of thinking, is the simple fun of our family maple-sugar parties. They have only the formal *ingenio*. Instead of drinking delicious maple sap, they regale themselves chewing the tender, delicious cane stalks. They would not have much use for our toffee on the snow, but then we have never tasted their *guarapo* or admired the golden cascades of sugar pouring out of the automatic strainers.

But in Cuba as well as in Canada we may praise and thank the same maternal Providence which has prepared in the sap of trees and canes such a relish for the children of men.

MERCEDES CELEBRATES

In order to win men's souls to God, one must, first of all, win their affection. According to the immortal teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles, we must strive to be Cuban with our Cubans if we want to help them work out their salvation. That is the reason why we joined with our pupils in publicly celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Marti, the Father of Cuban Independence.



LA BANDA, LAS MERCEDES

The bust of the famous patriot draped with the national colors had been placed in the patio. Groups of pupils all in their Sunday best surrounded the statue, while the guests filled the schoolyard premises. The Colegio band — every respectable Colegio in Cuba must have a band — played the National Anthem to open the ceremony. Followed a short address given by Miss Juanita Rodriguez. According to local custom, the first pupils in every class then recited some excerpts from sayings and poems attributed to Marti. After the lusty singing of the Colegio Song, Doctor Lopez delivered a stirring patriotic discourse on the Father of Independence in Cuba. The demonstration was highlighted by the individual salute of each pupil before Marti and the laying of flowers before his bust. Some time before his death, the hero had remarked, "One thing only do I desire after my death: to lie wrapped in the folds of Cuba's flag with a flower blooming at my feet."

To the strains of the school band the pupils marched over to a public park where, under the direction of their devoted teacher of calisthenics, they went through all kinds of graceful evolutions.

While the good people of Mercedes were returning home after the celebration, a group from our school went to the parish church for a ceremony of another kind. In the presence of two delegates from the Diocesan Committee of Catholic Action, the Colegio's first nine militants made the Crusader promises before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar. May they always show themselves pure, cheerful, zealous apostles faithful to their duties and promises!



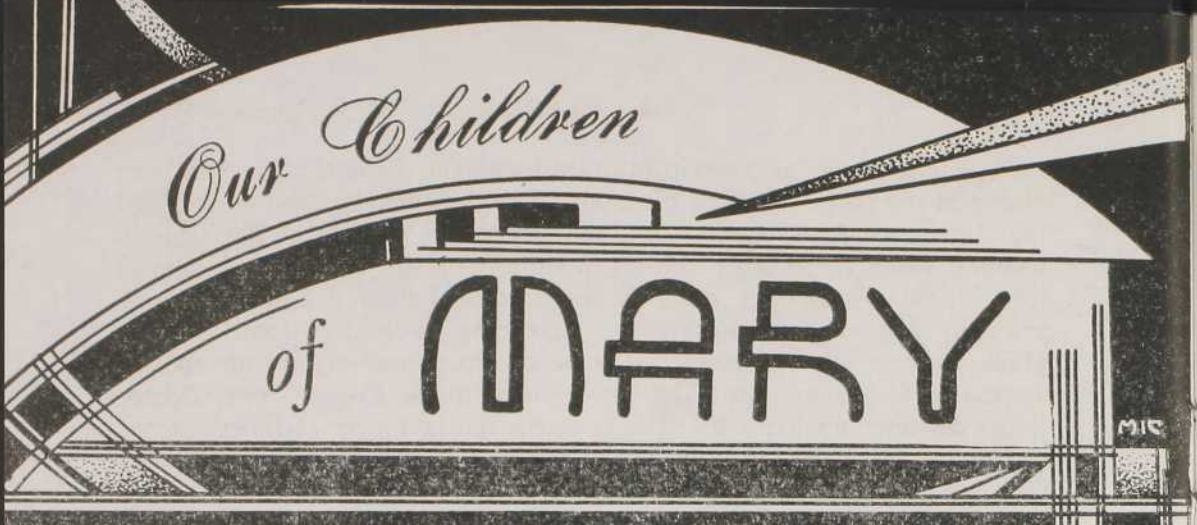
When Reviled, Returned Blessings

Most of all, indeed, for the renown of their charity, does the Catholic Church rejoice and exult in her clergy, who bear the good tidings of Christian peace and salvation to foreign nations. Owing to their great labors, often consecrated by the outpouring of their blood, the kingdom of Christ is daily being extended more widely amongst these peoples, and the holy faith shines forth rendered more venerable by new victories. But if, beloved Sons, in return for the exercise of your abundant charity you receive, as often happens, hatred, insult, calumny, yield not, therefore, to dejection, "be not weary in well doing." Let those bands of heroes pass before your gaze, glorious in their numbers and in merits, who, following the example of the Apostles, amidst the rudest affronts went their way rejoicing, and when reviled, returned blessings. For we, in truth, are the sons and brothers of Saints, whose names are written in glowing letters in the book of life, whose praises the Church proclaims: "Let us not stain our glory."

Pope Pius X

Charity must not be exclusive, else it is no longer charity. For charity is universal; it embraces all men, friend and foe.

A. J. Muench



Our Children

of **MARY**

MANILA CHINESE MISSION

By Sister St. Jean du Calvaire, M.I.C.(1)

Narra Street now has its own Children of Mary Sodality and my privilege it is to keep love of Mary at its best in the hearts of the thirty members. Patricia Sandyke has been elected president. I sincerely believe that Our Blessed Mother holds this group of her daughters in particular affection, so ardent and generous they show themselves in all that redounds to her honor and glory and in attending the monthly meetings.

Cristina, seventeen, made her First Communion in October and two months later was ready to be admitted into the Sodality. Strong as a rock are her religious convictions. Parentless, she and her two brothers are being brought up by a non-Catholic uncle. At the school opening, the latter packed off his three charges to our school without taking the trouble to inquire whether they would be trained in the Catholic way of life. When came the second semester, however, and only Cristina registered, I questioned her about the boys. Bashfully she explained that their uncle refused to pay their tuition unless they shifted to a pagan school.

"And your uncle leaves you free?" I probed.

"Not any freer than the boys, Sister. I'm paying my schooling with my own earnings. I am so happy to be able to attend a Catholic school that I am willing to make any sacrifice if Uncle will let me stay."

Cristina and the other Sodality girls are adding the practice of charity to devotion to the Mother of God. In answer to Father Ortiz's request they are collecting secondhand clothing for distribution to the poor. Their initial campaign, which closed on Mission Sunday, meant a total of eight bulky boxes of clothing and two of shoes. Last Advent the Sodality members gave up completely the cinema and candy. By Christmas they had set a neat little fortune aside with which to buy towels, soap, and footwear for fifteen needy pupils at our school. Beautifully discreet in their charity, the girls wrapped up the gift parcels and turned them over to us for distribution.

On New Year's Day, Father Ortiz told his Sodalists: "Your 1951 must be a year of Catholic Action. So far you have done nothing for the souls of your people. This year I shall expect every one of you either to bring a new convert into the true Church or to lead a fallen-away back to his Faith." Two practical suggestions Father stressed were to remind someone of his obligations to hear Sunday Mass and do his Easter duty.

Not all the efforts of our Catholic Actionists have come to my attention, but Perla's have not escaped me. Perla, one of my pupils, stays with her cousin Juanita

1. Doris Hague, Montreal.

during the school period. This Juanita, formerly a pupil at our Anglo-Chinese School and also a Sodalist, had neglected her religious duties to the point that we had had to strike her name off the Children of Mary records.

When Perla heard Father's New Year program, she naturally thought of her cousin. Back home, she risked, "Juanita, now is the time to take one good resolution. Why not come to Sunday Mass with me?"

Perla and her prayers finally led Cousin Juanita to church. But the young apostle would not stop there. By Septuagesima Sunday she had picked up enough courage to broach the subject of confession. Juanita consented on condition that the Father Confessor would be a total stranger. Unfortunately, on the appointed day there was a celebration at Juanita's school, followed by exams on the morrow. All was not lost, however, for Juanita had really decided to give free rein to God's grace. The Sunday following, the two cousins made their Easter duty in our chapel. (In Manila, Catholics may make their Easter duty any time from Septuagesima Sunday to June 29.) Father Ortiz, who had not been let into the secret, was agreeably surprised and warmly congratulated both Juanita and her cousin convert-maker.

Perla was thrilled. "Sister," she beamed, "it was hard to pull her up each Sunday because I never knew just how she would take it. And in order to keep good we played, studied, and prayed together each day although we are in different classes, to be well prepared for Holy Communion on Sunday. But it is well worth the pain, for the happiness I have today is without compare."

Had I worded my thoughts, they would have said, "Perla is the pearl of our Sodality!"

* * *

We Visit the Bonzes

By

Sister Marie Lucie, M.I.C.

Four Sisters of the American Province of the Presentation of Mary arrived last October to increase the number of Catholic missionaries in the Philippines. Only four—but we hope their number will grow with time.

We on Narra Street were particularly pleased to welcome members of the religious Community in one of whose convents our venerated Mother Foundress studied as a young girl. To celebrate the Sisters' passage worthily, we accompanied them on a visit to the Chinese temple on whose restoration our eyes have been feasting



SISTER MARIE LUCIE (MARGUERITE GAGNON, QUEBEC) AND SISTER ST. JEAN DU CALVAIRE (DORIS HAGUE, MONTREAL) WITH THE SODALISTS OF OUR LADY

for eighteen months. Rebuilding is carried on with all the splendor that Buddhistic reverence can conceive, and that can be explained by the fact that fabulous sums of money have been donated by well-wishers as a result of one of Buddha's wonderful so-called miracles. The builders of the temple do not hurry; perfection is better than haste, they seem to hold. The roof is a masterpiece with the bright colored dragons of the twisted tails that a pagoda must have if it wants to be a pagoda in truth and not only in name.

The bonzes, who had been far from expecting Catholic Sisters, were all at dinner. As soon as they saw us they left their little round tables and gave us an honorable greeting. Offerings to Buddha are placed back of that part which in our churches is called the nave. Crisp Chinese pastries and luscious fruits are sacrificed to the pagan god, but not to the point of destruction, since they are finally returned to their donors and eaten with appetite and a thought for the divinity.

Gods by the dozen form the court of mighty Buddha. A bonze past master in English conversation graciously explained the personal prerogatives of each, ending with the highest divinity after Buddha, which he presented with the words, "She is almost Santa Maria!"

This goddess, Kwan Yin by name, is not infrequently spoken of in this way in China. According to Buddhistic asceticism, Kwan Yin was a virgin consecrated to monastic life who chose to die rather than return to the world and its pleasures. Many a time have we noticed that pagan worshippers of the goddess of mercy and kindness accept almost instinctively and with enthusiasm the Catholic cult of the Blessed Mother. They have the impression that they have always known that peerless Woman and their veneration increases as they come to know more about her privileges, beauties, and graces.

"She is almost Santa Maria!" the pagan bonze had glowed. In our heart of hearts we could not but murmur, "Oh, gentlemen, if you knew who Mary is!"



Assumption Prayer of Pope Pius XII

O Immaculate Virgin Mother of God and Mother of Men,

We believe with all the fervor of our Faith in your triumphal Assumption, both in body and soul, into Heaven, where you are acclaimed as Queen by all the choirs of Angels and all the legions of the Saints; and we unite with them to praise and bless the Lord Who has exalted you above all other pure creatures, and to offer you the tribute of our devotion and our love.

We know that your gaze, which on earth watched over the humble and suffering humanity of Jesus, in Heaven is filled with the vision of that humanity glorified, and with the vision of uncreated wisdom, and that the joy of your soul in the direct contemplation of the adorable Trinity causes your heart to throb with overwhelming tenderness.

And we, poor sinners, whose body weighs down the flight of the soul, beg you to purify our hearts so that, while we remain here below, we may learn to see God and God alone in the beauties of His creatures.

We trust that your merciful eyes may deign to glance down upon our struggles and our weaknesses; that your countenance may smile upon our joys and our victories; that you may hear the voice of Jesus saying to you of each one of us, as He once said to you of His beloved disciple: behold thy son.

And we, who call upon you as our Mother, we like John, take you as the guide, strength and consolation of our mortal life.

We are inspired by the certainty that your eyes, which wept over the earth watered by the blood of Jesus, are yet turned toward this world, held in the clutch of wars, persecutions, oppression of the just and the weak.

And from the shadows of this vale of tears, we seek in your Heavenly assistance and tender mercy comfort for our aching hearts and help in the trials of the Church and of our fatherland.

We believe, finally, that in the glory where you reign, clothed with the sun and crowned with the stars, you are, after Jesus, the joy and gladness of all the Angels and of all the Saints.

And from this earth, over which we tread as pilgrims, comforted by our faith in future resurrection, we look to you, our life, our sweetness and our hope; draw us onward with the sweetness of your voice that one day, after our exile, you may show us Jesus, the Blessed Fruit of your womb, O Clement, O Loving, O Sweet Virgin Mary.



Bouquets *for the*

Blessed Mother

By Sister St. Edmond, M.I.C.(1)

Seven in the morning finds the four hundred and fifty pupils of St. Joseph's School merrily prattling on the school grounds. We can never quite get used to seeing so many laughing young faces and each morning we put on a new smile different from yesterday's to greet our happy hundreds.

One of the most charming things about them is that they never omit to bring flowers to Sister with the understanding that the beautiful blossoms are for the Blessed Mother. The truth is that their affection for Mary, according to them, can best be proved by their placing bouquets before her statue. Should one morning have no flowers to show, the pupils fidget at their desks and on every face Teacher reads the question, "Sister, may I get some flowers?"

Teacher knows her charges well enough to grasp the occasion that is offered to explain in just what consists true devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "Our heavenly Mother is glad to have your bouquets," assures Teacher, "but she would like it still better if you made little sacrifices for her. Our Blessed Mother loves living flowers. If you are attentive to your lessons and do your seatwork very carefully, you will be her living flowers."

1. Irma de La Durantaye, Cap St. Ignace.

"Esther could be a beautiful *camya* if she held her little busy tongue in check. Dolores might become a charming *campanilla* if she did just as she is told. The most generous among you will deserve to be the graceful and fragrant *sampaguita*, the queen of flowers."

Enthusiasm goes up one thousand degrees. The girls are glad to know they can still please the Blessed Mother even if their arms be not laden with flowers. From her little bare altar Mary looks upon her children and accepts their living bouquet.

It is especially in the month of May that the children and all in the Philippines like to express with flowers their love for Mary Immaculate.

The beautiful devotion known in Canada as the "Month of Mary" is here named *Flores de Mayo* (Mayflowers). It takes place in the afternoon with only girls attending. At the appointed hour the local band accompanies them to church. They are dressed in ankle-length gowns and their arms are laden with flowers they have artistically placed in sheaves or baskets, or in the shape of an anchor, a cross, or other symbol. Inside the



SISTER ST. EDMOND (IRMA DE LA DURANTAYE, CAP ST. IGNACE)
RECEIVES THE FRAGRANT BOUQUET BROUGHT BY A FILIPINA LOVER OF MARY.



TWO FIRST COMMUNICANTS, LAS PINAS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

church, they scatter into five groups in front of the Blessed Mother's altar and begin the recitation of the Rosary. During the hymn that follows after each decade, one of the five groups goes to lay its flowers at Our Lady's feet, until with the last decade the last of the five groups has presented its floral offering. By the time the ceremony is ended, the little Lady altar is half-buried under the shower of perfumed blossoms. Then the girls go home, thinking happy thoughts about the next time it will be given them to gladden the heart of their heavenly Mother.

GOOD HOUNDS OF GOD

This is an excited, turbulent, exciting century. There is a battle on. Unless your Catholic nose is sensitive to the smell of secularism you are no good hounds of God. Unless your Catholic touch is sensitive to the harsh, paining feeling of social and racial injustice around you, you can fulminate all day long against the evils of communism, but you are the best help of all its agitators, fifth columnists, traitors and fellow travellers. You deliver the goods for their propaganda and you condition the field on which it grows like weeds.

China Missionary Bulletin

Pictures That Speak



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TO

My Beloved Mother

Far away, over green-garmented hills, the sun's last beams lean low. In the feathery palm trees overhead not even the faintest breeze is stirring; the end of another perfect day has come as perfect days are reckoned in the life of your little missionary daughter. In the quiet of the gloaming, how I love to pace the footpath bordering the ocean, fingering my beads, feasting my eyes on the riotous symphony of color spreading over the horizon. This evening my heart is mysteriously drawn over the pathless waves to you, dear little mother of mine. Always this almost limitless expanse of water reminds me of the fathomless abyss of a mother's love, of the ocean of tenderness which is the heart of my beloved mother.

Already a year has gone by since my departure for our missions in the Caribbean. How many times during the days and even during the nights have you not prayerfully murmured, "What can my darling be doing now, under the tropics? O my God, do grant her happiness. Protect her always." These loving sighs of yours have been heard and your earnest prayers granted; today in particular, I feel my soul literally flooded with joy.



SISTER ST. PIERRE (JEANNE GUINOIS, VILLE ST. MICHEL)
AND HER FIRST COMMUNICANTS

Ever since my arrival in Les Cayes, mine has been the enviable task of preparing our little ones for the first coming of the Lover of children into their souls. Today was the day of days when innocent hearts gave Him a royal welcome.

I am really groping for words to express the great happiness which is mine in my missionary vocation. Jesus has been so incredibly good to me that I cannot help feeling this life is somehow a foretaste of Heaven. Such untold happiness I owe to you, mother mine. May God bless you for the tender care with which you fostered in my heart the precious seedlings of my religious and missionary vocation. Thank you for the serious Christian education you gave me. Thank you for the practical examples of your selfless life. Thank you for the numberless obscure sacrifices offered that I might faithfully follow where the Bridegroom beckoned.

Evening shadows are gathering fast. Good night, beloved mother of mine. As of yore, I fondly kiss your dear hands so toilworn for me and caress your brow all furrowed and wrinkled with care. Good night and pleasant dreams, dreams of your daughter in sunny Haiti. May Jesus Himself soothe you into peaceful, restful slumber, while He lovingly whispers into your ear, "Mother of a missionary, thank you!"

SISTER ST. PIERRE, M.I.C.



We desire that all who claim the Church as their mother, should seriously consider that not only the sacred ministers and those who have consecrated themselves to God in religious life, but the other members of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ have the obligation of working hard and constantly for the upbuilding and increase of this Body.

Pope Pius XII



DYNAMITE

Holy Mass is dynamite. But dynamite is not very dangerous as long as it is packed away in cushioned containers. Active participation explodes the dynamite of the Mass, and makes Christian life revolutionary, radically different. When we have developed in our people more than "a sense of belonging" to the Church, but a realization that they "are the Church," as Pius XII insists — and it is active intelligent participation in the liturgy that best brings this about — then we can expect the worst, and the best. The worst, not only for the devil but for all his works and pomps which secularism has given us so many of lately! The best, because there is no longer any room for mediocrity, lukewarmness, half-way measures: apostles, saints, martyrs are the order of the day.

Rev. Donald Hessler

Picnic in An Orchard

By Sister St. Rita, M.I.C.(1)

How swiftly time flies! Already the school year has almost run its course and to us teachers it seems to have hardly yet begun. Our pupils, however, are eagerly looking forward to the holidays peeping around the corner. In this torrid weather it takes a good dose of courage to sit still on hard wooden benches and in perfect silence, from seven in the morning until the noon hour. Two short recesses are allowed as relaxation, but little tongues are never weary of merry chatter. Fervent Crusaders especially think that keeping still and keeping silent are two worthwhile items on their list of sacrifices. Worthy successors they are of the valorous knights of old.

As a reward for their studious efforts all through the school year, our children had been promised a treat. A picnic was organized with a spacious, shady orchard as goal.

Bright and early on June 3, the merry school battalion set out for the country. Those pupils with more generous leanings carried, nicely balanced on their heads, benches, games, and trays filled with dainties provided by kind Canadian friends and benefactors.

Jeanne the cook and Helen her friend had gone on ahead, carrying the big pots needed to cook the favorite national dish of Haiti — rice plus red peas. When we reached the grounds, delicious odors already rose from several iron pots set on outdoor fires. Jeanne bustled from one to the other, stirring the tempting mixture, fanning the fires with her big straw hat.

Further to sharpen youthful appetites, all kinds of games were played until noon. What fun the little ones had trying to grasp with their teeth a nickel hidden in a handful of flour! Who could have helped laughing at the funny picture they made with their black faces all smeared with white!

A halt was called shortly before dinner. The children eagerly circled around Sister Marie Theodore(2), who had promised to tell them the touching story of Italy's girl martyr, St. Maria Goretti. Then the big pots were dragged orward, the benches were placed in a huge triangle, and the banquet was spread. A few minutes of silence before grace was piously recited, and rice and red peas, dainties and fruits disappeared as if by magic.

After dinner a bingo game was organized for the pupils. Youthful bidders kept on trying their luck until late in the afternoon.

As the sun was sinking over the distant hills, the children gathered together for the recitation of a few decades of the Rosary offered for the intentions of our Holy Father the Pope, their Pastor, and teachers.

Thank you, dear Canadian friends, for your generous gifts which have given so much happiness to the little ones of the flock.

1. Rita Legrand, St. Philippe de Laprairie.

2. Lucienne GADOURY, St. Elisabeth, Joliette County.



Roche - A - Bateau's

Junior

Crusaders

on a

Picnic



Heroism on the Missions

Published below are excerpts from letters written by our missionary Sisters behind the Iron Curtain. Our Canton Sisters wrote with the conviction that they would soon be joining their five companions in jail.

Canton, April 23, 1951

You have probably heard by now that on April 14 our beautiful statue of Our Lady was dethroned from the grotto, insulted, and rolled in the dust by our pupils. We kept it on our balcony for one day and one night, made a few minor repairs, and carried it to a safe place in the cathedral. A few days later, we also removed our outdoor statue of St. Joseph and all the statues of our chapel to the cathedral. The chapel is now empty and we had our last Mass this morning.

The pupils are still keeping up their work of destruction. They hailed us today with the accusation that they had just found human bones beneath the rocks at the grotto. They made it four urns! Our "friends" came several times in groups to inquire and inspect. Naturally, this means that there are prospects looming up and we must prepare for the worst. Tomorrow we shall dress in our feastday best and immediately after Mass we shall go to the Bishop's residence to obtain a fatherly blessing upon our uncertain future, for we foresee that it may bring a "retreat in the Canton Bordeaux." Let all our dear Sisters rejoice and help us with their fervent prayers. But let them remember that the greatest sorrow of missionaries today is to see God so grievously offended by His own creatures. Our strength at the moment comes from being able to make reparation in some small way and help the Christians to bear up against almost insuperable odds. We are all very cheerful. Please tell that to our beloved parents. We have no recent news about the retreatants(1).

Dear Mother General, kindly grant your blessing to

Your six happy missionaries,

Signed: Sister St. Alexandre, Sister Marie Celina, Sister St. Expedit,
Sister St. Francois d'Assise, Sister Marie Therese, Sister Marie Lucia.

* * *

Szeping kai, Manchuria, February 24, 1951

Your letter dictated by maternal kindness is very inviting, but I must say that the liberty you are leaving us we find quite perplexing. Your repeated assurance that we are all free to return to the Motherhouse leads me to suspect that you favor a mass departure, and this deprives me of the moral support the religious soul finds in knowing that she is doing the will of God as expressed by her Superiors. Dear Mother, no natural motive could decide us to keep up the struggle any longer. Both nature and reason say: "Give up. You have done enough. Do not expose yourselves to still greater dangers. Go." But there are the supernatural motives. How can we remain indifferent, how can we wish other than to lay down our poor lives for God and His Church when we see His enemies striving to blot out the Christian name from the face of China if that were possible?

I know that the responsibility of the decision to be taken is mine. If I decide we had better leave, it will be very easy for me to convince my companions. This is why I prefer to consult persons in authority before taking so weighty a decision in a matter that can have very serious consequences.

Bishop Lapiere, though less categorical than last year, hopes we shall stay at our post and such, he says, is the desire of the ecclesiastical authorities. He admits, however, that the situation is very tense and that we must be resigned to every sacrifice, even that of life itself. "Do not move." Such is the advice Bishop Gaspais has given his missionaries, both priests and Sisters. This explains why the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, the Holy Ghost Sisters, and others are still at their posts, while there are very few Sisters remaining in Moukden.

1. Reference is made to our five Sisters in jail.

I am also writing to Archbishop Riberi, Internuncio to China, to ask his advice concerning the Sisters. If he favors our departure, we shall leave at once; should he counsel us to keep up the good fight, I shall let you know.

The dispensary is closed since February 21 following an unfortunate accident involving Sister St. Emerentienne. A child died immediately after Sister gave him an injection and the family accused her before the law. The whole affair was taken to court and caused us great anxiety. Sister had to appear before the chief of police and the medical committee that was compelled to make the autopsy of the body. I accompanied her everywhere, as did also the handy man at the Mission. We have not yet seen the last of this, but the worst that might happen would be the final closing of the dispensary. We were afraid of a jail sentence, but even if Sister St. Emerentienne were declared guilty, we know that the law would not weigh upon her as she is a foreigner.

The native Sisters of Our Lady of the Rosary held their first General Chapter early in February. On this occasion Monsignor had me assume an important role for which I was in no way prepared. Let us hope it will be for the greater good of the Sisterhood. The same Superior has been elected again, and I believe this is fortunate. One great step has been taken and we shall now go on with confidence. Upon Monsignor's request, the Internuncio granted dispensation in the Holy Father's name for the irregularities of the past few years and expressed the hope that the good work would be maintained. There will be a ceremony on March 3; one postulant will be invested with the holy habit, three novices will make their first vows, and eight professed Sisters will take their last vows. Please pray for the native Sisters who will be honored on that beautiful day.

Szeping kai, March 14, 1951

In my last letter of February 24, I told you I intended to write to the Internuncio. This is the letter I wrote:

"In December last, one of our Sisters requested from our Superiors the permission to return to Canada. Our Very Reverend Superior General answered by authorizing all the Sisters who no longer feel able to face the difficult situation to return to the homeland.

"In view of past trials, present hardships, and the probable dangers of an uncertain future, some of our Sisters feel hesitant and would like Your Excellency to counsel them.

"Granted that we rely on the aid of divine Providence, would it be imprudent to remain at our post? Or would it be preferable to take advantage of the offer made by our Superiors and return home? We shall consider the directives received from Your Excellency as the expression of God's holy will.

"May we earnestly solicit a paternal blessing from Your Excellency and assure you of our deepest respect and submission."

On March 12, His Excellency Archbishop Riberi answered as follows:

"Reverend Sister Superior,

"Your letter of February 28 has already reached me. I offer you my sincere congratulations for the complete abandonment to the divine will and the filial confidence in the Internuncio that are manifest in your letter.

"I readily understand that some of your Sisters should feel hesitant and anxious. The present situation is really distressing and the near future appears far from reassuring. Nevertheless, we must, insofar as that is possible, hold what we have and, even with the restrictions made, we must try to do some good to the souls around us. In spite of severe limitations, we are still able occasionally to do some good. We must show our willingness to bear in all patience the hardships of life 'so that by all means, whether by occasion, or by truth, Christ be preached.'

"The general directive is therefore as follows: to persevere courageously at one's post until the end, trusting entirely for the future on the Providence of God that never abandons the confident soul. Still, there may be particular cases and special circumstances of which it would be difficult to judge at a distance. For this reason it would seem more practical to adopt the decision of the local Ordinary. Knowing the line of conduct proposed by the Superiors, he can decide more clearly in concrete cases according to his pastoral conscience.

"May the Holy Spirit grant to all of you His graces of enlightenment and fortitude so necessary at the moment. I cordially grant you my paternal blessing.

"Signed: ANT. RIBERI."

Dear Mother, you understand and appreciate what courage has been inspired by the letter of the Holy Father's representative. I am sorry I did not write him earlier. I had thought about it for a long time.

After this clear exposition of the directives of the ecclesiastical authorities, may I presume to express with respect and filial submission my own humble opinion. I really believe our beloved Institute, "trusting entirely for the future on the Providence of God that never abandons the confident soul," as Archbishop Riberi said, should fulfill the Church's desires by maintaining its positions in Tong Pei. Further, any change of personnel being impossible, the Institute must maintain them with the Sisters here at the present time. Each and every one of the Sisters still in Manchuria not from her own will but by the pressure of events, does indeed seem to be in some necessity of sacrificing herself. If, therefore, you deem it well for us to continue our work, we should greatly appreciate having your approbation and encouragement. Humanly speaking, the task is above our strength, but we rely on grace that can work wonders with even weak instruments.

March 1st saw the end of our complex situation at the dispensary. The session lasted four consecutive hours. Sister St. Emerentienne was obliged to justify herself before the gathering of doctors, which demanded much of a simple nursing Sister. I accompanied her. A Chinese priest served as interpreter and St. Joseph was our lawyer. It was far from easy, but our lawyer defended our case so well that after the session we were granted permission to reopen the very next day. However, we shall need a doctor at the dispensary; otherwise it would be too dangerous. Our "friends" are not getting any kinder in their old age.

Beloved Mother, I shall now look forward to your letter. I have not hidden anything. But you must take the decision. I can hardly leave our Mission upon an invitation when the ecclesiastical authorities counsel perseverance at our post. However, you have only to express your will and we shall obey at once.

Szepeingai, April 25, 1951

Your kind and encouraging message of April 5 made haste and reached us on the 21st. I cannot tell you with what emotion I read your letter which confirmed us in our opinion that it would be better to hold out until the end. God bless you a thousand times, dear Mother, for giving us full and entire authorization to suffer and die if need be for the holiest of causes. Like the mother of the Maccabees, not only do you accept the sacrifice, but you also encourage us by reminding us of the everlasting crown. Who knows whether God was not awaiting that maternal consent to settle His choice on some one of your daughters? Witnesses, however frail and unworthy, of Holy Mother Church, how privileged we should be to pour our lifeblood for her! Let me tell you once again that the assurance we have of doing God's will increases our strength a hundredfold and enables us to face the most painful possibilities unflinchingly.

You have kindly encouraged my efforts in behalf of the native Sisterhood. I trust that your encouragement will be a pledge of the blessing of God upon this very important work. I told the native Sisters that we had permission to suffer and die with them. They are sending you their thanks and assure you that they have no more fears. You may rest assured, dear Mother, that even if our apostolate were limited to giving our new Christians this example of courage and disinterestedness, we should still be doing much good. When we shall say, "We must persevere until death," our example will confirm our words. Had we left, the Christians would have had reason to say, "They preach but do not practise. When danger came, they fled."

I promise, dear Mother, to give my Sisters all the moral support they have a right to expect from me, at least according to the measure of my "talent." I am counting on the help of your maternal prayers for the increase of that "talent."

Your respectful and loving child,

SISTER MARIE JOSEPHINE, M.I.C.



Vocation *behind* *the Iron Curtain*

Vocations are of two kinds. Some vocations are too weak to weather a smile of irony. Other vocations are too strong to yield to the pressure of atheistic Communism, too sure of God and of themselves to worry overmuch even when an Iron Curtain stands in the way.

Chen Tsing and Young Tsen are just ordinary girls, but Christ has made them extraordinarily strong and brave. All along the war years they hoped and prayed, meanwhile hugging each a precious secret, the secret a girl hugs to her heart when she has chosen God instead of man.

Peace eventually came to Manchuria — and it went. When the Japanese shuffled out, the Marxists marched in. True, the Apostolic School was not so very far away, but both girls knew that going to it would be as impossible as flying to the moon.

Under the Red regime the girls' home village, a bulwark of the Christian Faith, was mercilessly pillaged and persecuted. A great number of Christians were locked into jail. Then the enemy struck the shepherd. Chen Tsing and Young Tsen with many others were forced to look on while their priest, their father in Christ, died the death of a martyr. Days of anguish followed the massacre. Nobody was free. The girls had either to attend the Communist-run school or enrol in popular associations from whose ranks were generally chosen assassins for the next massacre to be. Naturally, the girls' families decided in favor of the Red schoolhouse.

At the end of the school year, the students were commandeered into the Party. Chen Tsing and Young Tsen gave as excuse for not belonging the unpolished truth that they just did not want to go to that school any more. But when the regime is at your door, out your window goes security. So the two girls sought and found work in a government building not too far from home. Though religion was taboo there, a priest who had somehow escaped arrest was able to feed them now and then on the Bread of Angels.

One morning the priest asked Chen Tsing, "How would you like to carry your God to the Christians of the region? They have been deprived of spiritual assistance for three or four years."

Like the heroine she was and still is, Chen Tsing answered, "If Father trusts Him to me, I will do it."

It was a long way, but Christ walked it with her. Still, her heart almost broke when she saw officers searching her fellow travellers. What if they laid sacrilegious hands upon her Sacred Burden! Fortunately, the officers barely noticed her, and that evening, in a very humble home, Christ passed from the hands of Chen Tsing into the hearts of the God-hungry.

The heroic deed did not go unrewarded. Suddenly the Red clouds cleared and the girls were to some extent free. The heads of the government building where both were employed decided to move up north taking along their personnel. When the girls energetically refused to follow, they were, oddly enough, not molested any further.

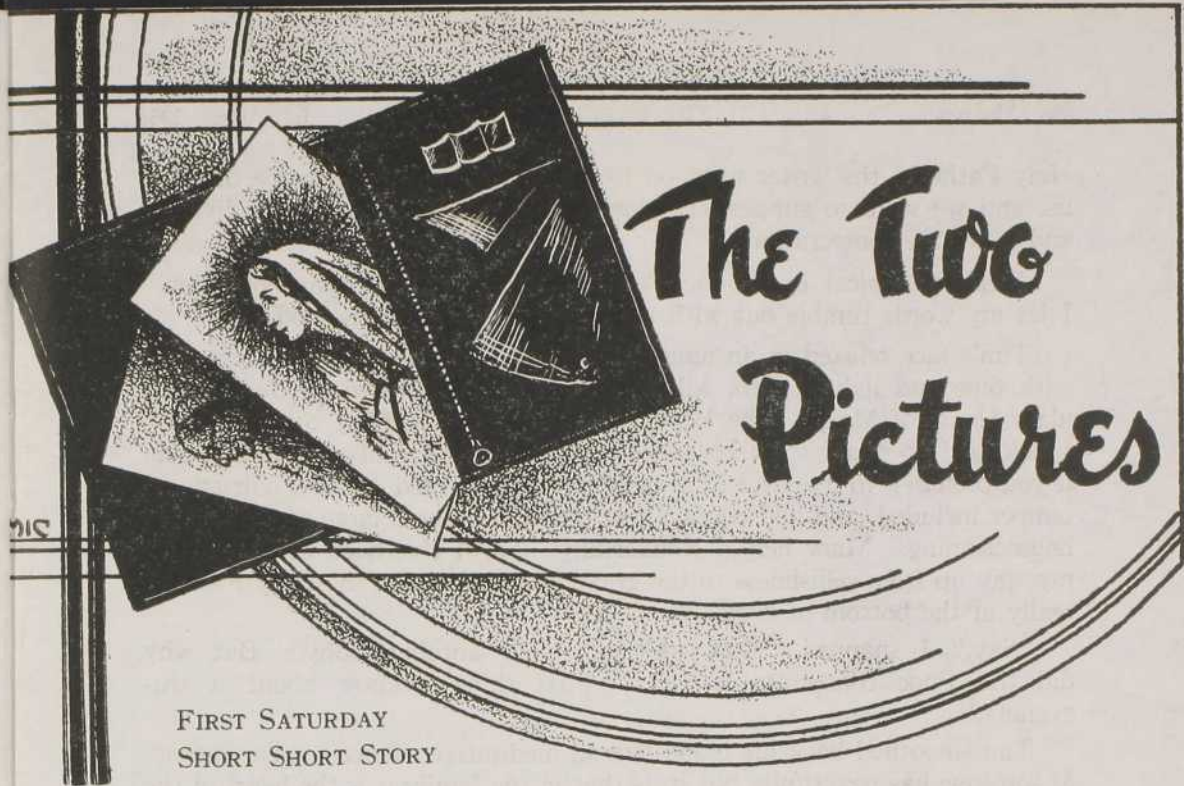
Did they go home? Never! The Apostolic School was calling, calling, and its call they would answer. Questionnaires, interviews, and signatures two months long at last took them there. It was December 6, 1950.

True enough, these deserve, if ever anyone did, to be espoused to the Lover of souls. His grace will bear them on, and His grace is sufficient. It is stronger than steel or bronze. It can foster vocations and bring them to fruition even in the Iron Age of atheistic Communism.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.	\$50.00
Vigil light or candle	{ 10 cents each 90 cents for a novena 3.00 for a month 35.00 for a year



The Two Pictures

FIRST SATURDAY
SHORT SHORT STORY

"It's manly to be Marian," said that husky six-footer Tim Lyons, as he showed me the picture of the Immaculate Heart of Mary he carries in his billfold.

"But peculiar to be papal," I mimicked his alliteration, pointing to a picture of the Pope alongside the Blessed Mother's. "What's the idea of keeping Pius XII's picture in there?"

For a fellow who had never been farther west than Kingston, Ontario, and never farther east than Halifax, I deemed it sheer singularity, not to say more, to carry the Holy Father's likeness in his moneybags, and I told my friend so.

Tim Lyons just looked at me with that jovial smile of his and without batting an eyelash, exploded, "That man has changed my life."

"He — what?"

"Changed my life, John, and I mean it. I'm no Saint Timothy with a halo, but all the good in me I owe to this man, my Father in Christ, the Father of us all."

I was simply mystified and let Tim know it.

"You see," began Tim reminiscently, stretching his feet up to the table in front, "one time I had a feature to write on Fatima. I'd never been a great Marian devotee, but when Bobby nearly died of typhoid I got down on my knees and vowed to do something to spread the message of Fatima, if the Blessed Mother would cure my little son. Reading through a stack of pamphlets I'd borrowed to clarify my hazy ideas on the subject, I discovered that on October 31, 1942, Pope Pius XII officially and solemnly consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. That act of the

Holy Father's, the writer went on to say, was made in the name of all of us, and we were to supplement that consecration by our own individual and collective consecration."

I raised cynical eyebrows. "But I still don't see the connection," I let my words tumble out with the perplexity not trimmed off.

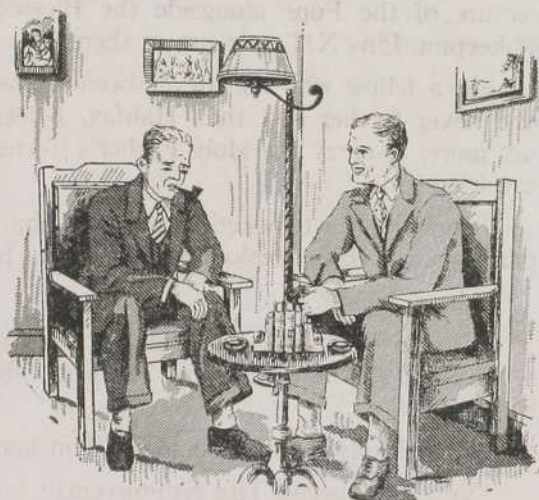
Tim's face relaxed in an amused grin as he continued, his fingers busy with pipe and lighter, "So, willy-nilly, I *was* consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Pope had gone ahead without consulting me. I belonged to Mary. There and then I had the impulse — inspiration, if you prefer — to live as a Man of Mary. I analyzed my life, hair-trigger temper included, and had courage and grace to make a large-scale spiritual housecleaning. Mary helped wonderfully. So, if I've been able to battle my way up from selfishness to the great Heart of Mary, the Holy Father's really at the bottom of it all."

"Say," I snapped, "that goes into your autobiography? But why did the Pope consecrate us all? First thing I know about it this evening."

Tim smoothed back his blond hair in meditative silence. "The reason, as someone has beautifully put it, is that in the family it is the heart of the mother which triumphs over the anger of the father. Ours are days, John, when hatred of Christ and the deification of the flesh have provoked God's anger to the breaking point. Mary appeared at Fatima to tell our sin-steeped world that it would be saved through devotion to her Immaculate Heart, and if her words were ignored, the hand of God would release the terrible chastisement already so long deferred. So it all amounts to this: Go to Mary or to destruction. I chose Mary. Devotion to the Immaculate Heart shall crush the power of secularism. With the Immaculate One at our side, victory is secure; for she has promised, 'In the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph.'" He paused and let his words sink into my soul.

"Go on," I said limply.

"First of all, I decided to supplement the Pope's act. I got myself a formula — there were several in the pamphlets. Of course, I have a streamline one slipped into the frame of my mirror as a daily reminder, 'Immaculate Heart of Mary, I consecrate myself to thee.' My wife bought a picture of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and we kneel before it to say family prayers, including five decades of the Rosary each day."



Tim Lyons, Man of Mary, turned searching eyes upon me. "There's another facet to this devotion I'd tell you about if you cared to hear it."

"Do I? I'm no heathen, at least you don't consider me one?"

"Wouldn't dare!" joked Tim, blowing a ringlet of blue smoke into the air. "This other facet consists in going to Communion on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, saying five decades of the Rosary, meditating fifteen minutes on one or several Mysteries of the Rosary — all on the same first Saturday. That doesn't kill a man," he grinned good-naturedly.

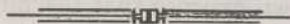
"What else goes into the program?" I inquired. I wanted to have nothing missing to my Marian manliness if ever my downward-tending human nature decided to surrender to the Mother of God.

"Guess that's about all," admitted the Marian champion. "Except, of course, that when the occasion offers, you try to influence others to go and do likewise. But you must never forget that you must *live* your consecration. You don't just make it for the show, but for the living. Believe me, when you entrust yourself to Mary, she shows herself the *Virgo fidelis* we invoke in the Litany of Loreto. And when you consecrate your day to her, all your actions passing through her hands are overlaid with 24-carat gold of purest love. Devotion to Mary Immaculate is the best get-rich-quick method I know of in the spiritual realm. What do you say, John? You know, she had an adopted son once, the beloved disciple, and his name was John too. How about your taking over where the Seer of Patmos left off? Mary needs you just as much as you need her."

"Thanks a million, Tim! You've opened wonderful new horizons to me. If Mary needs me, I won't let her down."

"August is here," reminded Tim happily. "That's the month of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Fine time to start living as a Man of Mary. Remember the feast on August 22, and the novena starts tomorrow, if you're interested."

"Tim," I pleaded, "one more favor. Where could I get two of those pictures for my billfold?"



The Catholic Is Another Christ

The true Catholic is another Christ. He may not think just any thoughts, or do just any actions. He must think and act according to the nobility of his nature. He is a child of God and an heir of Heaven. As adults we should work to square our own habits and attitudes with the teaching of Christ; especially should every parent make it a definite duty to instill this teaching into the hearts of children so that knowing and loving it, their actions will proclaim to the world that they are "other Christs" because they think and act as Our Lord Himself thought and acted.

Mary Cecilia McGrath, Ph. D.

Greetings



From

AFRICA

By Sister St. Bernadette, M.I.C.(1)

From the wilds of my beautiful Africa I greet you, gentle friends, with the courteous salutation of the Atumbuka clan. Bowing deeply and lightly clapping my hands, I politely inquire, "Are you feeling good? Where do you come from? Where are you going?" Once this salutation has been tendered, our Africans feel they may settle down for a good old-fashioned chat. Wonderful conversationalists they are and I always enjoy drawing them out.

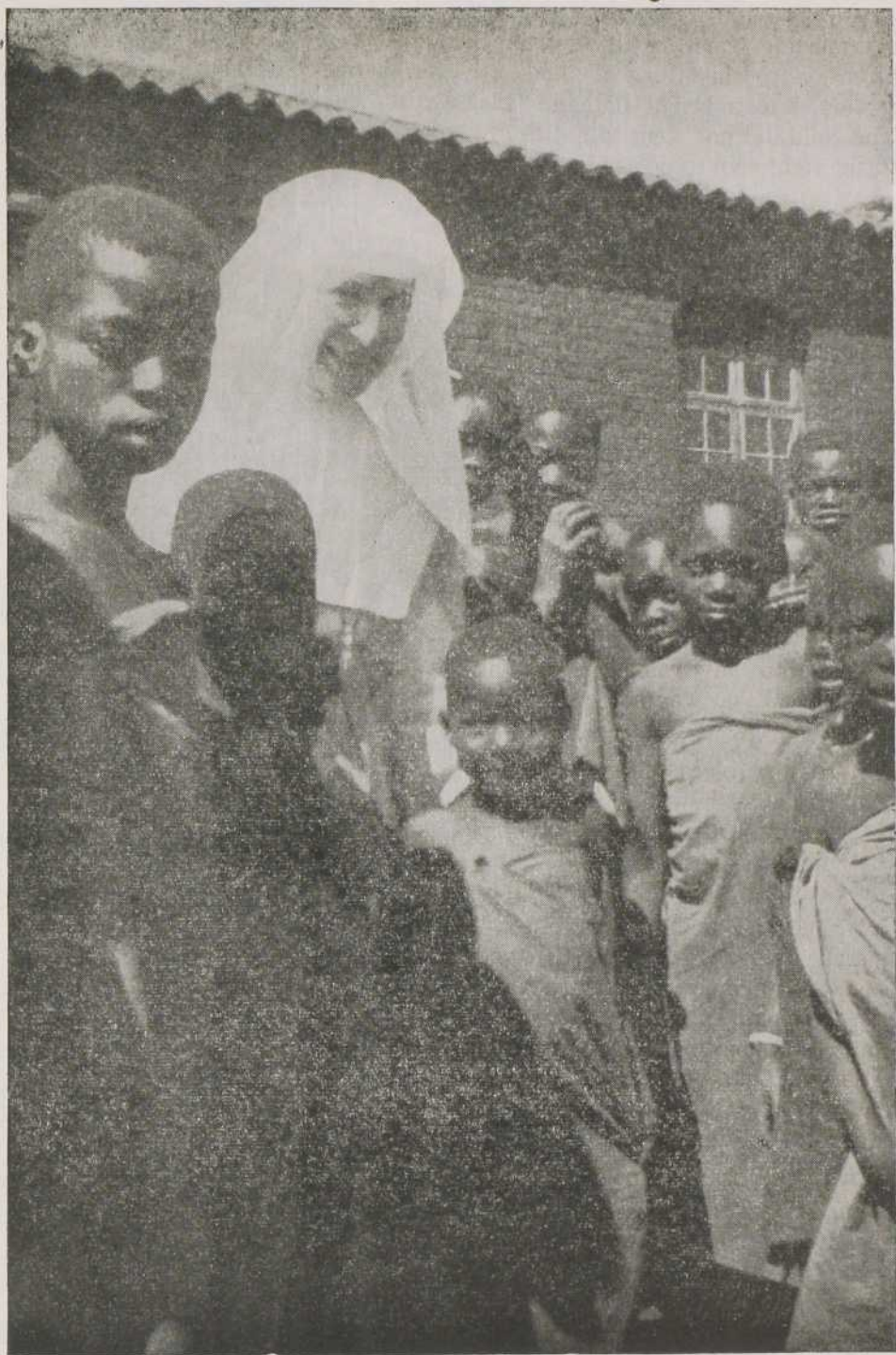
The better I get to know the Atumbukas, the better I love them for their many natural qualities. What an innate sense of justice is theirs! Even a child who finds a safety pin will not think of hoarding it, but will faithfully return it to its owner or bring it to the Sisters for safekeeping. And please remember that in these parts, safety pins as well as razor blades and mirrors represent a monetary value not indicated by the financiers of Wall Street. Eggs, bananas, meat, and other necessities of life may be purchased in exchange for these precious articles.

Other qualities which command my admiration are their docility and submission. I cannot get used to seeing children and adults, even old people, kneeling respectfully to greet me or to solicit a favor.

I have learnt at my own expense that teaching in a foreign tongue may often imperil the teacher's authority. One day, as I was explaining in Citumbuka the fall of our first parents, I inadvertently used the expression *cipaso ca mphuno* (fruit of the nose) instead of *cipaso ca mbuto* (fruit of the tree). Not even the ghost of a smile flitted across my pupils' faces. Whenever I make such mistakes, they very patiently try to explain the differences in meaning and do all in their power to help me grasp the nuances of their language.

When my vocabulary was yet in its most rudimentary stage, I was once asked to supervise the little girls of sections A and B while they cleaned the church. As I was inspecting the work done, I noticed that the dusting

1. Marie FYFE, Laprairie.



SISTER JOSEPH DU SAUVEUR (BERENGERE CADIEUX, MONTREAL NORTH)
FAVORS THIS KIND OF SNAPSHOT.

of the confessional had been overlooked. How was I to call the children's attention to this thing I could not even name? Without losing face I motioned to a bright damsel, "Please dust the Sacrament of Penance." The child did not seem to notice my ludicrous expression, but literally flew to the right spot to do as I had asked.

At present, I am teaching English to twenty-five minor seminarians some of whom are as yet catechumens. They are wonderful little men. Even the catechumens are very pious and apparently never tire of praying. After Benediction, one evening, I noticed two of my boys kneeling outside the church while their companions rushed to the playground.

"What are you doing apart from the others?" I queried.

"*Nikulomba* (We're praying)."

"But you just came out of church. Didn't you have time to say all the prayers you wanted to say?"

"*Yayi* (No)."

And my black friends opened their hands to show me their medals; being only catechumens as yet, they have no rosary and so they say their prayers on their medal.

Whenever I make a misstep or a mistake my pupils quickly and solicitously come forward exclaiming, "*Pepani, Amayi, pepani!* (Pardon, Sister, pardon!)" According to the Atumbuka code of etiquette, this is a way of showing sympathy and high politeness.

In these parts, strange as it may seem, you are supposed to be the gift-giver on your feastday. The natives will greet you, dance in your honor, and then wait for gratifications without however pressing their point. After all, do we not request spiritual gifts from the Saints on their feastdays? On St. Cecilia's day, our devoted aide Cecilia knocked at the community door with a nice fat yellow hen to offer as a gift to the Sisters. It was her feast, so she was supposed to give the Sisters a gift. We all thanked her with a *gozori*. What is that? I hear you ask. Well,



a *gozori* is a token of gratitude for favors received; you rub your thumb against the thumb of the person you wish to honor and your palm against his or her palm, climaxing with a hearty handshake. The Africans greatly appreciate the *gozori*.

In these primitive wilds I find that Biblical scenes may more easily be reconstructed. Whenever I see our boarders with water jars gracefully balanced on their heads, bringing in water from a well at half a mile's distance from our house, I picture Jesus and Mary returning from the fountain in Nazareth. Serpents poking inquisitive heads from among tree branches remind me of the wily tempter in the garden of Eden. Many of these reptiles, especially those of a beautiful jade green color, are so venomous that their sting is in most cases immediately fatal.

Since my arrival here I understand better the parable of the mustard seed. Whenever I read it while in Canada, I always tried to picture some sort of wiry hay where birds might precariously perch. In Africa, as well as in the Orient, the mustard plant reaches a good seven feet in height and its stalk and branches are sturdy enough to balance a bevy of birds. But the sentence of the Holy Book which now holds the greatest appeal for me is, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."



The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

"In spite of all they told us about Wallis, we decided to go there to see for ourselves how things were. We had on board an Englishman, named Thomas Boog, who had passed some months in Wallis Islands, and afterward settled in Futuna. He told us many things that we wished to know, and at need could act as our interpreter. After a quiet passage we reached Ouvea, called Wallis by the English, on November first, 1837. During Mass, said on board, we begged Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and all the saints to bless this first mission which we hoped to found. Two islanders had already come out in their canoes and lost no time in presenting themselves. They were young chiefs, Pelo from the larger island and Tounghala for the smaller. Pelo and Mr. Stoks had met before, and greeted each other cordially; they had once made a trip together on a whaler, a happy circumstance for us.

"Our ecclesiastical dress puzzled the two chiefs. They opened wide their eyes and did not know what to think of us. 'Are you missionaries?' they asked; 'And do you come from the country of Bonaparte?' 'Yes, we

told them, 'We come from the country of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose name and exploits have been heralded all over the world; we come from France, one of the greatest of all countries.' By talking of our country we hoped to make them forget their first question: are you missionaries? We knew that they hated the Protestant missionaries, and to have made known our names and our business at that moment might have forever closed the island against us.

"However, Tounghala, whom Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin disposed in our favor, closely questioned the captain as to who we were, our intentions, etc. Mr. Stoks spoke so highly of us that the young chief was our friend from that hour, and more than once rendered us inestimable service. While we talked, our schooner had almost reached the reefs that surround the island, against which the waves dash with a terrific noise. Thanks to the skill of Tounghala, the *Raiatea* passed through them easily, and into a circular bay dotted with canoes."

Bishop Pompallier, Father Bataillon, Pelo, and Thomas Boog landed. As soon as the bishop and the priest touched the soil of Wallis, they fell on their knees and recited a Hail Mary, to signify that they placed the island under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. Those who remained on the ship prayed fervently for the success of the visit.

They were taken to the king whom they found reclining on a straw mat. His Majesty offered them gifts which they accepted with many expressions of thanks; then, with the help of Thomas Boog, they explained to him the object of their visit, and their desire to leave two men in Wallis to learn the language of the country. Hearing this the king laughed; and after a moment's reflection, he asked, "Aren't you missionaries?" Knowing that he hated the Protestant missionaries whom he knew, the Bishop evaded the question. "Be assured that you have no reason to fear us," he replied. "You will soon see that we are your best friends." "Very well," the king made answer, "since you come as friends you may stay with me. I will have a hut built for you next to my own. I pledge myself to provide you with food and to protect you." Bishop Pompallier thanked him with a fervor which the king could little fathom, and when the party returned to the schooner all blessed God for having heard their prayers.

The next morning His Lordship named Father Bataillon and Brother Joseph as the two who were to remain in Wallis and found there the first mission of western Oceania. But that day difficulties arose. The king's relatives tried to persuade him to revoke his decision in favor of the missionaries. A council was held. The old man who was kivalou, or prime minister, advised that the strangers be sent away, saying, "I greatly fear that the end will be a change in the religion of our island, and on principle I oppose all that can, directly or indirectly, bring about the ruin of the faith of my fathers." His words made a deep impression, but Tounghala defended the missionaries so warmly that the king issued a formal order that they should be allowed to remain in Wallis. Doubtless it was by the inspiration of the Blessed Virgin that he acted thus, for while the council was being held, the missionaries were praying and scattering about medals of the Immaculate Conception.

The mission of Wallis succeeded so marvellously that in 1842 the Holy See separated central from western Oceania, erected another vicariate apostolic, and confided it to Father Bataillon. He was consecrated Bishop of Enos in 1843. There are today four Marist and two native priests on the island and several native nuns, one of whom is the king's sister. The entire population is Catholic.

CHAPTER XI

Futuna

On the seventh of November, 1837, the *Raiatea* set sail for Futuna to accommodate Thomas Boog and ten or twelve natives who had been in Wallis. It was agreed that the schooner should stay there only long enough to allow the passengers to disembark and to take on board some provisions which they were to give in payment for their passage. The Bishop was anxious to lose no time in establishing in Rotoma a mission which he intended to confide to Father Chanel. But God had other designs. The little island of Futuna was destined to be the field which Father Chanel would till and water with his blood.

The wind being favorable, the *Raiatea* reached Futuna on the eighth and cast anchor in the strait which separates the two islands and close to the smaller one which is called Alofi. Father Servant wrote, "When we landed the next day, we met the crew of an English whaler which had been wrecked on the reefs of the Fiji Archipelago. The captain implored Bishop Pompallier to receive him and his men aboard the *Raiatea*, and to take some of them to Rotoma and others to Sydney. The Bishop gladly agreed to do so."

The anchorage of the *Raiatea* proving insecure, its position was changed to the little port of Singave, and at once it was overrun by a crowd of curious natives. Eager though the Bishop was to proceed on his way, the necessary business consumed several days, during which he had leisure to talk to some whites living on the island, who agreed that the Futunians were neither wicked nor savage, and would gladly receive missionaries. He gathered all available evidence in an effort to prove or disprove this verdict. Among the natives there was a man called Sam, dressed like a European, who knew a little English, presented himself with some ease of manner, and was affable and obliging. He confirmed all the good which had been reported of the islanders. Bishop Pompallier, influenced by all he heard and saw, decided to try to found a mission in Futuna and, calling Father Chanel aside, asked him if he were willing to remain there. "Your Lordship, I am at your command," he instantly replied.

(To be continued)

The world is prepared to receive the Gospel, much more prepared than men think . . . only Our Lord Jesus can alleviate the present tragic social suffering . . . The principal concern is the reform of the individual Catholic. The world wants first to see exemplified in Catholics the principles of the Gospels.

Rev. R. Lombardi, S.J.

The Christopher Page

THE RISING GENERATION
NEEDS YOU

Sweets for the tummy and poison for the mind! Too many of the rising generation are getting the first item at home and the second in school.

Catholics who are willing to accept the personal responsibility and privilege of helping to make the world better than they found it should pause at the little red (better say anti-Red) schoolhouse, the high school, and the college long enough to reflect that the keys of the country are in the schoolbag of the student.

You don't have to preach that to the subversives. They know it on their fingertips. Hence their keenness on contacting, conquering, and corrupting our unsuspecting youth. We need only cite the public schoolteacher who kept her nose to the grindstone for over forty years, teaching a large class with small pay, little chance of promotion, hard work, and disappointments. "I don't just instruct them in academic subjects," she told a friend. "I've taught Communism to every one of my pupils. My only regret is that I haven't another forty years to continue teaching it." This teacher, like all others, taught what she was — not merely what she knew; and being what she was, she made of her classroom a dispensary of poison. Think of the good she might have done had she offered courses in the love of Jesus Christ instead of in the ideology of Karl Marx!

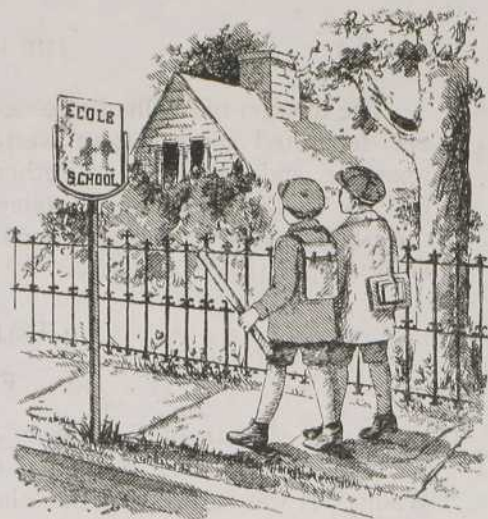
Education can be a channel for very much good. It prepares citizens to rule the earth and make it a haven of peace and universal brotherliness. "Teaching," wrote John Dixon, "is the biggest and best profession in the state because it creates and moulds the nation's citizenship. It is the very foundation and mainstay of the national life. The true teacher is, and may well be, proud of the title, for his work is akin to that of the Master Builder, the creation of a temple not made with hands."

To quote the words of another schoolteacher, whose years were of good and not of evil: "There is no more exalting profession in the world, except that followed by those who preach the word of Jesus. I quake in my boots when I think of my responsibilities. I feel I am rendering a service to humanity — and Lord knows they need it."

There are hundreds of thousands of young people today with sound, sane ideas, who would thrill at the prospect of serving the cause of humanity and reshaping the future of their world. If they feel awakening within them the stirrings of a teaching vocation, they have something there that will enable them to do constructive action for the betterment of mankind. God grant them the enthusiasm and courage to take up teaching as a career!

Christlike, Christopher-minded educators are aware that the educational field is one of the great spheres that the godless doers of evil are especially intent on reaching. Shall the children of light let them go in there to spread the darkness of their gospel of hatred and warp the outlook of our boys and girls for time and eternity? If the keys of the country lie in the schoolbags of Jack and Jill, let us never forget that the keys are manufactured in the heart and soul of Jack's and Jill's teacher.

If you are interested in doing something big, individually and personally, in the teaching profession to make the world better than it is today, get the Christly, Christopher tips on how to be a successful teacher. Free literature may be obtained from The Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.



The Novices

Jot It Down

A NOVICE WRITES TO JOAN

My Dear Joan,

Your S.O.S. has not fallen upon an indifferent ear. I would hardly be a friend in need and indeed if I did not do my best to help you out. No sooner had I read your letter than I rushed to the Mistress of Novices' room for permission to answer not later than this afternoon. With her gentle "you may" singing in my heart, I knelt one moment in the chapel doorway begging the Mother of Missioners to guide my pen. To advise you rightly, I need her looking over my shoulder as I write.

You say that Vivian's wedding has upset you considerably. I was surprised at your reaction, until I remembered that Vivian was the last of our mutual friends, also the last of the 1946 graduation class to decide upon her vocation. Now you stand alone and bewildered at the cross-roads, hesitating about the direction you should take. Your girl friends have either chosen the vocation of married life or accepted Christ's invitation to the wonderful happiness of the religious career. Naturally, you are perplexed about the choice you will eventually have to make.

But that little apprehensive letter of yours, as all the others that came before, insists that the missionary vocation appeals to you as always. It is, as you say, a sacred, sublime calling, and you can never think and pray too much about it. I see you have been thinking to the point that a whole litany of objections and fears has sprung up to paralyze you. Your tastes, if I am to take your word for it, are definitely not monastic. Then you go on to list earning and spending money, wearing attractive clothes, possessing the best of the best, seeing wholesome movies, playing clean sports, and so on. Never let yourself infer that the preceding quota makes you ineligible for a convent career. If the good things of life left you wholly indifferent, you would be so abnormal, your heart would be so loveless and unresponsive to the sacred love of Christ, that you would never persevere in the day-to-day dedication of all you have to the service of the divine Lover.

To repeat, your tastes are definitely not unmonastic and definitely not abnormal. If you find life so beautiful, think how glorious it will become when in the silence of the cloister you are wooed by and espoused to Him who is Life and Beauty! It will be a new world of undreamt-of potentialities. Limitless horizons will stretch before your dazed eyes. With Christ as your Ideal and Model, you will daily feel the blessed urge to be less like

you and more like Him. You will gradually come to think and see and love as your Bridegroom thinks and sees and loves; He and you will be, not two, but one.

Not many nuns of today, even the most saintly among them, were once hermit teen-agers. Take your novice-friend for instance. If my memory serves me well, you who had always teased me about my worldliness and pleasure-seeking smiled approval when Cousin Jimmy suggested I had better buy a return ticket, since no convent would keep me more than twenty-four hours.

In view of that, I believe you are well aware I did not forsake the worldly show because of disillusion or cold indifference. I did not bring along in my suitcase a grim determination to indulge my every whim and fancy. God had graciously given me the ideal of living for Him alone, and my heart was set on being always appreciative of His glorious gift to me.

I have really found happiness in the convent. The perennial smile I had previously admired on gentle nuns' faces is now mine. Peace of soul beyond the power of words to express is mine, knowing as I do that I am where my Creator wants me to be, doing His will as lovingly as I can, accepting sorrows and joys as Mother Mary once accepted them, always glad that things are as He wills them to be.

You have been giving due consideration to the personality angle, and you are perfectly right in doing so. Personality is not a nuisance to be crushed underfoot; it is a gift you must develop after the pattern of the Magnetic Personality of our Lord and Exemplar. Let me assure you that religious profession does not by any means reduce anyone to being merely a number in a series in which all, from first to last, think and say the same things. True personality is of the soul. In the convent you have a wealth of personality aids — spiritual beauty aids, if you prefer — the wise and maternal guidance of Superiors, contact with other radiant, refined personalities, daily meditation to become more like the Master and Model, the atmosphere of prayer and silence which is the very essence of the religious life. I believe there is nothing so spiritually constructive, nothing so helpful to the development of true Christian personality, as what a girl is offered within convent walls.

I would hardly be surprised if the basic reason to account for your reluctance were the sacrifice involved in leaving your father and mother. Home ties are hard to sever, that I have experienced. The heart has reasons that the mind cannot fully understand. Indeed it is natural to love our families very dearly; but, if we would be true religious, we must love them "very, very secondly," as Father McCorry writes in *As We Ought*.

Of course your parents love you dearly; and just as sincere as their love is their longing to see you happy. If you can prove to them that the happy path for you is the convent-bound, they will accept your arguments and hand you over to the Lover of souls. As I see it, the problem lies, not with them, but with you. If through prayer and more prayer you gain

the requisite courage and will power to act, it will be easy to make your deeply Catholic family understand your views and set their stamp of approval upon them.

My letter will become a volume if I keep on. It may be long, but you know that only friendship and affection for you could have dictated it. I think so highly of you that I would have nothing but the best for Joan, the best that we call a life-long compact with Christ in the religious life.

If my prayers can help you in banishing indecision and driving out groundless fears, you may rely upon me to storm Heaven with endless pleas. Only the tide of prayer can sweep away the final hesitations.

In this a-word-about-myself paragraph, I must say that I shall be taking my first vows (also black veil, crucifix, and Rosary) on August 8. I am thrilled at the thought. If you are free, do come for a good old-fashioned chat. Meanwhile, you are remembered in my daily Mass and Communion. God bless you and Mary love you.

Affectionately,

SISTER MARGARET



NOVITIATE PHOTO

Our Beloved Dead



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HYMN TO MARY

Fairer than lotus leaves fanned on the water,
Sweeter than plum petals starred on the bough,
Purer than birch in the dim of the forest,
Mary, art thou.

Edelweiss scattered like pearls on the mountain,
Lilies like chalices tipped on the stem,
Scarcely are lovely enough to embellish
Thy diadem.

But the seven keen swords that were fashioned of sorrow
And hugged to thy heart as the Child to thy knee,
Are beauteous, even as flames on the Altar,
And worthy of thee.

F.H.W.

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